Polo, Giue firſt admittance to th'embaſſadors,
My newes ſhall be the frute to that great feaſt,
King. Thy ſelfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my decree: *Gertrud* he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſonnes diſtemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our haſty martiage.

Enter Embaſſadors.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Volte. Moſt faire returne of greetings and deſires;
Vpon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainſt the *Pollacks*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againſt your highneſſe, whereat greeu'd
That ſo his ſickneſſe, age, and impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out arreſts
On *Fortenbraſſe*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle, neuer more
To giue th'aſſay of Armes againſt your Maieſty:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threeſcore thouſand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commiſſion to imploy thoſe ſouldiers,
So leuied (as before) againſt the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further ſhone,
That it might pleaſe you to giue quiet paſſe
Through your dominions for this enterpriſe
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance
As therein are ſet downe.
King. It likes vs well,
And at our more conſidered time, wee'le read,
Anſwer, and thinke vpon this buſines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your reſt, at night weele feaſt together,
Moſt welcome home, *Exeunt Embaſſadors.*
Pol. This buſines is well ended,

My

My Liege and Maddam, to expoſtulate
What maieſty ſhould be, what duety is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſt night, day, and time,
Therefore breuity is the ſoule of wit,
And tedioufnes the limmes and outward floriſhes;
I will be breefe your noble ſonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What iſt but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that goe.
Quee. More matter with leſſe art.
Pol. Maddam, I ſweare I vſe no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,
And pitty tis, tis true, a fooliſh figure,
But farewell it, for I will vſe no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaines
That wee find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay the cauſe of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cauſe:
Thus it remaines and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while ſhe is mine,
Who in her duety and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and furmiſe,
To the Celeſtiall and my ſoules Idol, the moſt beautified Ophelia, *that's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe, but you ſhall heare: thus in her excellent white boſome, theſe &c.*
Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
Pol. Good Maddam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the ſtarres are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt that the Sunne doth moone,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.
O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at theſe numbers, I haue not art to reckon my groanes, but that I loue thee beſt, Oh moſt beſt beleeue it! adew. Thine euermore moſt deare Lady, whilſt this machine is to him.
Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter ſhown me, (*Hamlet*.
And more about hath his ſolicitings

As